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showed the manager the test he had applied, and satisfied him that the coin was counterfeit. At least, so he says. He does not disclose the secret of detecting the fraud, which is disappointing, for it must be a dangerous counterfeit, indeed, that can be "submitted to the action of nitric acid for nearly three hours without being affected," which Mr. Woodland declares is true in the case of a chain of "mystery gold" put into his hands for analysis. One may be sure that the deception is not confined to England. Not only buyers of gold jewelry, but our Mint authorities should look into this matter.

MONTEZUMA.

ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE.

THE distinguished French artist Alphonse Marie Adolphe de Neuville, who died last May after a long and painful illness, was born at Saint Omer (Pas de Calais) in 1836. He left school with brilliant honors at the age of fourteen and, in spite of his parents, who wished to make a lawyer of him, he entered the naval school of Lorient where his natural talent for drawing was developed by the excellent Professor Duhousset. After passing a year at the naval school he was sent by his parents to Paris. Duhousset had told him that he must be a painter, and De Neuville went to see Hippolyte Bellangé to whom he submitted some of his sketches. Bellangé said to him: "You want to be a painter and you come to ask my advice? Here it is: out of a hundred painters who spend their lives before an easel, there are scarcely ten who do not die of starvation, and out of those ten there is not one happy. Believe me, my dear boy, return to your province and give up the idea." Young De Neuville, by no means discouraged, went then and knocked at the door of the painter Yvon and showed him his sketches: "Ah! ah!" replied Yvon majestically. "You want to be a military painter, you'll never succeed." De Neuville next went to Picot who was then very celebrated. Picot admitted him to his studio but set him to drawing in charcoal, which was a polite manner of telling him that he thought nothing of his talent. The young painter comprehended the lesson at the end of fortnight, left Picot's studio and painted, with his own lights, "The Fifth Battalion of Chasseurs at the Gervais Battery (Attack of Malakoff)" which obtained a third class medal at the Salon of 1859. Delacroix remarked the picture, made the acquaintance of the artist, and gave him useful advice. "Remember," said Delacroix, "that the drawing of movement is far more important than the drawing of form," a counsel which De Neuville never forgot.

In 1861 De Neuville obtained a second class medal at the Salon with his "Chasseurs at the Mamelon Vert." His fortune was made; the publishers came to him for illustrations, and, during the next three years he produced numerous fine woodcuts for the "Tour du Monde," Guizot's "History of France Narrated to My Grandchildren," and numerous other publications. In the Salon of 1865 he exhibited an "Outpost"; in 1867 "The Battle of San Lorenzo" and at succeeding Salons, before and after the war, "The Death of General Espinasse," "Troops Passing a River," "Bivouac Before le Bourget," "Les Dernières Cartouches," "Battle on a Railway," "Villersexel," and "An Intrenchment Before Paris"—mostly scenes in that terrible Franco-Prussian War in which he had served as an officer and which he depicted with the precision of a soldier. In former years De Neuville varied his military work with pictures of sea-coast and fishermen and women, but of late years he confined himself entirely to military subjects, and to the souvenirs of the disastrous war of 1870-71. His panorama of the Battle of Champigny executed in company with Detaille is a monument of his patriotism, and all his work both in oil and in water-color, whether exhibited at the Salon or at the exposition of the Société d'Aquarellistes, appealed as strongly to the patriotic as to the artistic sentiment of the public. Indeed, as an artist, De Neuville was never the equal of Detaille, although their names were so often coupled together. The man himself was the image of his painting; always elegantly dressed in the style of a young man of half his years, his black mustache carefully curled, a dark and self-conscious look, a certain eccentricity of hat and of bearing calculated to attract attention, a brief and studied way of talking—such was Alphonse de Neuville. His painting was a kind of very successful woodcut in colors, an illustration full of dash and spirit. In drawing and correctness and truth he never approached Detaille and, while the latter might be called the Mérimée of mili-

tary painting, De Neuville was the Alexandre Dumas, seeking always the movement and noise of the battle and accenting the dramatic and even the melodramatic side.

Nevertheless, De Neuville was a conscientious worker, passing his summers in studying the landscape of the fields of battle which he intended to paint, and in winter working with his models in his studio in the Rue Legendre. This studio was a curious scene. Instead of carpets and precious furniture and objects of art, De Neuville surrounded himself with broken cannon-wheels, bloody mattresses, muddy straw, battle-stained uniforms, casques all battered with bullets, guns and rifles of all kinds, broken swords, and other accessories of real, earnest warfare. The very walls of the studio are full of bullet-marks, the painter having fired at the plaster himself in order to get faithful models for the details of his pictures even in this minute particular.

Of all De Neuville's pictures the most famous, and the most popularized by engravings of all kinds, is "Les Dernières Cartouches." Upon the first of September, 1870, a handful of French soldiers of all arms posted in a house in the suburbs of Sedan are defending themselves desperately against the Prussians. A shell has burst in the house and scattered debris and corpses all around. The bullets have broken the windows, shattered the cupboards, bespattered the walls. Broken chairs and arms are strewn on the floor. A dead soldier is being carried into an alcove, and the survivors are dividing among themselves the contents of his cartridge case. Two or three soldiers protected by mattresses are firing out of the window. One officer is firing a musket like a common soldier; another, wounded, drags himself to the window as if to continue the struggle. Death is on all sides in this room dim with the smoke of battle. A soldier leaning against a cupboard raises with pain his broken wrist; another, wounded in the shoulder, props himself up against a door through which we see in an adjoining room more heroic fighters. There is a veritable fever and fury of carnage in this scene full of the anger and desperation of defeat. But one of the best features of the picture is the figure of the little chasseur who, having used up all his ammunition, is sitting on the edge of a bed where lies a dead comrade. His hands in his pockets, calm, impassible, useless, because he has no arms, the little chasseur is waiting for the enemy and for death to come. He has done his duty; he is furious, but immovable and resolute. Nothing in the picture gives it a stronger note of truth than this little chasseur with his képi slipping over his frowning brow.

THE PARIS SALON.

THE Salon of 1885 is not, to employ a French expression, the Salon of the "Barque du Dante;" it has not revealed any new Delacroix or produced any picture destined to mark an epoch in French art. On the other hand it is full of interesting work, and renders an excellent account of the healthy state of art in France.

In the Salon carré, the large room at the head of the staircase, the first picture which demands attention is M. Roll's imposing "Labor—the Works at Suresnes." M. Roll, who is one of the shining lights of the young realistic school, shows us the works at Suresnes in all the feverish activity of toil. The rough ground is covered with carts, horses, blocks of stone, men wheeling barrows, others sawing stone, others hoisting timber, others driving poles, others manipulating the travelling derrick whose elevated rails cross the middle of the immense canvas. There is no studied composition, no artificial concentration of effect; the subject is scattered all over the canvas, and varies in intensity of interest only by the fact that the perspective and the distance necessarily render the foreground more vivid than the middle distance or the background. In the movements and gestures of the men there is no exaggeration, they are really toiling and moiling; they are painted in the blue-gray tonality of reality, and by the very sincerity of the whole scene, and the firm and serious rendering of all these men engaged in common occupations, the whole picture becomes imposing. In the same room is an exquisite portrait of a young lady, by Paul Dubois, who is as great a portrait painter as he is a sculptor. Nothing could be more distinguished and more delicately yet firmly and solidly painted than this young lady with her brown hat, her brown velvet corsage with a bunch of violets in the buttonhole, and a simple ruche of lace round the neck. The painter's brush has caressed the flesh with the greatest fineness of touch but without feeble minute-

ness. M. Dubois's portrait is decidedly the finest in the present Salon, and its calm and serious elegance contrasts strikingly with the theatrical virtuosity of Carolus Duran's portrait of Miss Robins, or of the same artist's vulgar portrait of Mme. Pelouze under a red velvet dais with the image of her château of Chenonceau in the distance. M. Cabanel also has a beautiful portrait of a Californian lady who is the owner of the same maker's somewhat conventional picture of "Jephtha's Daughter" hung hard by. M. Bonnat's portrait of a severe old lady, with curls and a fine new black satin dress, is one of his best and most vivid pieces of work.

The necessities of an official order have obliged M. Bonnat to cope with a subject which is the reverse of living or modern, namely, the "Decapitation of Saint Denis." M. Bonnat's picture is a huge panel destined to form part of the decoration of the Pantheon. Certainly, it is a grand work, simple in composition, powerful in drawing, and vigorously painted by a modern master who worships the great Italians. On the other hand it is not tragic, and it has not the charm of the work of the faithful primitives. M. Bonnat is an amiable Parisian who never believed in the legend of Saint Denis, and who probably never thought about it until he received the order to paint it for the Pantheon. All that we can admire in this work over which the artist has taken immense pains, is his technical skill, and that we cannot admire too highly. M. Bouguereau also exhibits two large religious subjects destined to decorate the church of Saint Vincent De Paul, to wit, the "Adoration of the Magi," and the "Adoration of the Shepherds." The painting is Academic, correct and insipid—a sort of enlargement of an illuminated image in a missal, without expression or interest. M. Bouguereau exhibits, too, a "Byblis Changed into a Spring," an old subject to which he has imparted no other novelty than perfect drawing.

Near by is an immense and sensational picture by Benjamin Constant whose work is highly esteemed by certain American picture-dealers. "The Cherif's Vengeance" represents a richly decorated harem, with a beautifully painted marble floor. Along the whole length of the picture runs a divan covered with rich stuffs embroidered with gold and silver, and surmounted by wall hangings of green velvet adorned with splendid embroidery, forming a Moorish trefoil arch pattern. From behind a curtain on the left, a golden ray of sunset strikes obliquely down the picture and flashes across the floor, which is strewn with the corpses of strangled and poniarded women, lying huddled in disorder among the tumbled cushions. In the centre of the floor is a patch of blood which trickles into the fountain-basin and tinges the water red. To the left are two black slaves, squatting cross-legged, and on the divan sits a warrior, with his cimeter across his knees. The picture is theatrical, striking, and clever, but you do not desire to look at it twice, and all the cleverness and device of the artist do not conceal the want of sincerity and the unreality of his painting. I should apply precisely the same criticism to M. Clairin's colossal picture representing the Moors in Spain, after a victory. This picture means simply nothing; it is a conglomeration of costumes and people in theatrical postures against a rich background of architecture; it is an advertising picture meant to amaze the bourgeois. M. Rochegrosse, who astonished us with his début three years ago, when he exhibited "Vitellius Dragged through the Streets of Rome," and the following year, "Astyanax Flung over the Ramparts," continues to revel in carnage and violence. His picture in the present Salon represents a scene of the Jacquerie (see Michelet's History of France). A mob of infuriated peasants, armed with pikes and scythes and staves, are seen invading a château, and just rushing forward to murder the châtelaine and her children. The mob crowding through the windows is remarkably rendered, and the whole scene is depicted with a dramatic power really wonderful in a young man of twenty-two. M. Bérard's triple panel, "Henri III. at Venice," is a remarkably clever piece of work in the conventional style, but finely composed, and painted with a minuteness of detail of great interest.

Coming now to the examination of pictures of reasonable size and of more general interest, we find Jules Breton represented by "Le Dernier Rayon," which is falling upon an old couple seated at their cottage door, while a child runs forward to meet a young couple returning from harvesting. The artist, who is also a poet, explains the subject of his picture in a pleasing sonnet, and both sonnet and picture are full of urban sentimentality. M. Breton's other picture, "Le Chant de l'Alouette," represents a very plain peasant girl standing,